

TERMS OF THE TIMES.

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Temple and New High streets, Los Angeles, Cal.

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BY THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY.

H. G. OTIS,
President and General Manager.

ALBERT MC FARLAND,
Vice-Prest, Treas. and Business Manager.

W. A. SPALDING, Secretary.

A CONSIGNMENT of silkworms arrived in San Francisco yesterday. Let 'em spin!

THE SALE of the Oregon and California Railway line to the Southern Pacific Company is an acknowledged fact.

POLEMICS have ever been a fruitful subject of discord. Now the missionaries on Tonka Island have got by the ears.

BANKS, the Wells-Fargo defaulter of San Francisco, has been found at Cook's Islands. He went there, it is presumed, in hopes that he might "take the cake."

THE best California Navel oranges are now quoted in the New York market at \$6 and \$6.50 a box, and "the market is becoming stronger daily for fine fruits."

THAT newspaper "goat" about certain Los Angeles doctors vaccinating their patients with mucilage, and charging a fee of \$2.50 therefor, has started on the rounds of the press as a sober item. It will doubtless enjoy a long and prosperous career. With the pastepot editors, nothing is too ridiculous to stick—not even mucilaginous virus.

SAN FRANCISCO is now developing a low, sad yearning for a real estate boom, and to that end, one of the city papers declares that "the safest bank in San Francisco always has been, and is today, a sand bank." Just so. Other San Francisco banks have called in much "mud" in times agone and there is no terrestrial substance left in them. San Franciscans should favor a sandy soil every time.

THE San Francisco local Board of Health is evidently intent on breaking the record for sinfulness. The quarantining of San Franscisco is spite-work, pure and simple, and as unnecessary as vacinating the moon. The success of the southern country has made the dwindling north green with envy, and this is its way of getting even. It is well for the northern brethren to remember that we have not had here in all as many deaths from smallpox as there frequently are from diphtheria in two or three families in San Francisco.

A SAN Francisco exchange thinks that the idea of planting a cross of cypress trees upon Goat Island in memory of each of the promoters of tree-planting in this State is worthy of Joaquin Miller himself—being rather poetical and exceedingly impracticable. Putting in a modest claim for itself as one of the chief promoters of Arbor Day, the exchange in question suggests that a neat and appropriate design would perhaps be the words, "If You Don't Read the REPORT You Don't Get the News," planted in eucalyptus trees around the westerly slopes of the Island.

AT last one newspaper is found in San Francisco which manifests a disposition to treat the late smallpox scare in Los Angeles with candor and fairness. The Report of the 17th instant says:

"That Dr. Simpson would maliciously injure Los Angeles is a view of the case that is not to be entertained for a moment. That he is mistaken in his estimate of the seriousness of the situation is possible, especially as his visit to Los Angeles was very brief, and he may have gone there with some preconceived opinion. He is certainly in error in stating that the excess of Los Angeles over health authorities there made any concealment of the disease. All the newspapers were quite open in their announcement of its presence, and the health officers seem to have been equally candid, although at first the Report was disposed to think they had not been. They are decidedly of the opinion that their precautions were and are sufficient, and that the epidemic has been controlled. Dr. Simpson thinks not. This Report will show who is right, and incidentally it will also demonstrate Dr. Simpson's fitness for a position on the State Board of Health."

The suggestion contained in the last sentence is one which the people of this southern country may conclude to act upon. The undue exaggeration of the evil with which Los Angeles had grappled, and a misrepresentation of facts as to the attitude of the local press and the authorities, constitute an offense in a State officer which cannot be readily overlooked. It is too much like kicking a community when it is down. There may come a day of reckoning.

A False Teacher of Morality.

A late issue of the Los Angeles Tribune contains an editorial on Henry Ward Beecher, in which editorial article, after alluding to the Beecher-Tilton trial, appears the following astounding sentiment, the italics of which are ours:

He at all events, was not guilty of accusing the woman of guilt—he swore with impressive solemnity, in a courtroom filled with eminent judges, great lawyers and leading citizens, that the woman was innocent—and if that solemn oath was false, it was grandly taken, and for it he deserved, and his memory will deserve to the latest day, high and universal honor. It is not yet time to notice of such vicious utterances; indeed, it is more appropriate to do it now than it would have been while the dead preacher lay unburied.

A newspaper capable of enunciating such a sentiment as that above quoted is no fit moulder of public sentiment. Virtue and justice both stand aghast at such pernicious teaching. This is about the morality of the case as the Tribune puts it:

The vile seducer may win a woman to yield to his seductive snares. He may rob her of her honor; he may take from her all that ennobles woman, and after this worst of all crime against womanhood, he may perjure his own soul, and lie unto God to shield her, and the world will look upon his false oath as "grandly taken," and consider that "for it he deserves, and his memory will deserve to the latest day, high and universal honor."

The senseless puerility of such a statement is at once apparent. To conceal one crime by committing another of equal enormity, no matter what the motive may be, will never make the criminal deserving of "high and universal honor."

There is but one course which a person guilty of the wrong charged against Mr. Beecher could pursue which would entitle him to any degree of sympathy, or which would lead community to "honor" the manhood which would dictate it. This course would require no base perjury. Mr. Beecher was an old man; Mrs. Tilton was a weak, yet loving woman. If, as the Tribune for the moment supposed, Mr. Beecher had wronged her, instead of making himself "worthy of high and universal honor" through deliberate perjury, he had taken this other course, and said: "I am older than Mrs. Tilton—old enough to be her father; she trusted me and unwittingly I had won her affections; she was led away by me through them; I am the one on whom the blame should rest; the burden of her guilt, as well as my own, should be laid upon me; she was weak and loving, of that I took advantage, and I wrought her ruin."

The world, even then, would have recognized in this humble confession that there was still nobility and truth in the man, and those qualities, at least, would have been deserving of honor.

But it is not the guilt or innocence of Mr. Beecher that we would discuss. In that regard there will be a difference of opinion until eternity reveals the truth of the matter. But it is the pernicious principle of the Tribune that we would combat—that which finds a justification for perjury under any circumstances, and makes it deserving of commendation.

If the Tribune's position be the true one, the vile seducer, wherever found, may perjure himself in the denial of his guilt, and though his solemn oath be false, the public is bound to look upon it as "grandly taken," and we must teach our sons and daughters that "for it he deserved, and his memory will deserve to the latest day, high and universal honor." Purity, of course, will be called upon to accord this. Justice, too, must render it. Virtuous maidenhood must not fall to reverence it, and our hearts must keep untarnished the memory of the noble heroes who dare the crime of perjury to save the victims of their guilty lust.

Such a code of morals is worthy of the sleek and pretentious authors of notorious marital infamy, school-board and legislative bribery, and "crooked" whisky transactions.

In the whole realm of wisdom such ethics are nowhere else taught as are enunciated by the Tribune. Therefore subscribe for the Tribune—price five cents—that you may learn these great lessons of humanity—the sublimity of falsehood and perjury.

Picturesque Advertising.

THE TIMES is frequently called upon to console with victims of advertising schemers who come down from San Francisco and other seaports that are temporarily smitten with dullness, and who "work" the advertising market in Los Angeles.

And the health authorities there made any concealment of the disease. All the newspapers were quite open in their announcement of its presence, and the health officers seem to have been equally candid, although at first the Report was disposed to think they had not been. They are decidedly of the opinion that their precautions were and are sufficient, and that the epidemic has been controlled. Dr. Simpson thinks not. This Report will show who is right, and incidentally it will also demonstrate Dr. Simpson's fitness for a position on the State Board of Health."

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The latest instance of this sort is

furnished by the Union Pacific Sketch Book, a publication very comprehensive in its scope, in that it is supposed to illustrate various towns and cities from Council Bluffs to San Diego. On the promise of giving a full "write up," and numerous handsome pictures of Los Angeles, the managers of this publication secured here nine pages of advertising at the modest price of \$100 a page. The book, which is just at hand, shows the "write up" to be not more than two and a half pages, if set in solid form, and the Los Angeles views are confined to three plates, comprising five little sketches. The remainder of the Los Angeles article is illustrated with a view of Napa Soda Springs and surroundings; H. otel del Monte, Monterey, and "In the Yosemite Valley" (two plates). An article on Riverside is illustrated by a view of the old Mission Church at Santa Barbara, and San Diego appears pictorially in some views of the Geysers.

It is needless to say that some of the people who patronized this high-priced pictorial publication on an *albume* basis are now engaged in tearing their hair. THE TIMES tenders them its sincere condolence, and suggests for about the twentieth time that the daily news paper of bone fide circulation is the best advertising medium.

AMUSEMENTS.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—Miss Clara Morris made her last appearance at the matinee yesterday in *The New Magdalen*, and the company closed the season with Gilbert's farcical comedy, *Engaged*, in the evening. In the latter performance, Miss Morris taking no part, the attendance was slimmer than ever. Actors require the stimulus of a well-filled house to excite them to their best efforts, and the company is not so much to blame if the sight of so many vacant rows of reserved seats at a dollar and a half each somewhat dampened their enthusiasm. Mr. Henry Miller as "Cheviot Hill" has a fair conception of the character, but rattled through his lines for the most part as if he were at rehearsal. Miss Emily Seaward as "Bellamy Treherne," and Odgen Stevens as "Belgrave" were well cast, and saved the comedy from utter failure. Mr. Buckstone and Miss Mollie Revel need further instruction before they attempt parts in Scotch dialect. The piece itself is a trifling comedy occupying less than two hours in performance, and was not worth the extra-charge asked for seats to witness it. The greediness of the management was very properly rebuked by the sight of comparatively empty benches.

Miss Morris's engagement here has been a failure, and the cause of it should not be attributed to anything outside of the merits of the actress. The manager of the management made the mistake of charging high prices and so keeping many away, but the truth is that our theater-going public is alive to the fact that Miss Morris has been a "star" for the past seventeen years, not counting the years of her novitiate on the stage, and the emotional school which she founded with all its highly attractive details of adventure, melodramatic revenge, and many and sumptuous courtesans has pulled up the taste. Even the trick of advertising Miss Morris's physical condition has grown stale. No person of intelligence believes the extravagant stories that are related, with grave face, as to her frail constitution. She has more than average strength and endurance, and the she is physically able to stand an enormous strain is shown by her performances of past week.

Los Angeles has supported every worthy attraction munificently, and the fact that Miss Morris has not met with better success must be attributed to the desire for a more refined class of entertainment than is afforded by the leading representative of emotionalism.

Wan's His Rent.

George P. McLain owns a house on Requena street, which is rented to Rose King, a lady of easy virtue. As the rent has not been paid for some time, George has become a little anxious, and yesterday sued out a writ of attachment for \$180, rent due from October 5, 1886. Constable Smith went down to enforce the law, and though he met with opposition and tears on the part of defendant, he inexorably did his duty by levying on an Arion piano.

Board of Trade Building.

There will be a joint meeting of the members of the Board of Trade and Produce Exchange at the rooms of the Board, Monday evening, March 21st, at 7:30 o'clock.

PROMPT. Matters of great importance in reference to the contemplated joint building will be brought up.

Speculation on the Ocean Race.

NEW YORK, March 19.—Incoming steamers report passing a large number of icebergs and immense fields of ice. They state that the ice extends much farther south than usual. It is thought that the racing yachts may be detained on this account. The wind has been very favorable, and if ice does not prevent it, they think that the racers may reach Queenstown about the latter part of next week.

Montana Regent and Volante.

NEW YORK, March 19.—James Murphy writes to the Spirit of the Times that he will race Montana Regent over the Memphis, Louisville or Latonia track against Volante for \$10,000 a side, half forfeit, distance 2½ miles.

Murphy says this is no "bluff" and that the forfeit money is to be deposited with the president of the track over which the race is to be run.

Prairie Fire in Texas.

GALVESTON, March 19.—A special from Bandera to the Spirit of the Times reports one of the most extensive prairie fires raging in Bandera county that has occurred for years.

The fire has extended over a wide area, causing great desolation. It has now been raging four days and has approached within a few miles of Bandera.

San Jose's Electric Road.

SAN JOSE, March 19.—The Supervisors

of the city have decided to grant a franchise for an electric street railway company, with a double track line on Santa Clara street.

The company is to give a bond of \$100,000

that if the road is not a success it will be rendered useless.

An Abandoned Brig.

VICEROY (B. C.), March 19.—Arrived

from the west coast report an abandoned lumber-brig near Barclay Sound.

The Indians saved most of the lumber.

The vessel was fast breaking up. She is

supposed to be the bark William G. Irwin,

which sailed from the Sound last fall.

Prohibitionists Fall.

[Toledo Commercial.]

Kentucky Prohibitionists are first in the field with a full State ticket. In the Blue

Grass, Bourbon atmosphere, even Prohibition

tickets get full.

SAD FOR SOCIETY.

The Hawaiian Queen Must Stay at Home

Because the Royal Exchequer is in a Shaky Condition.

Claus Spreckels Having Absorbed All the Surplus Shekels.

EMBASSY BANKS Basking in the Smiles of a South Sea Island Princess.—A Northern Paper in the Los Angeles, Bazaar—New Railway Project.

By Telegraph to The Times.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 19.—[Special.] Society here will be much disappointed when it learns tomorrow that the Hawaiian Queen, Kapiolani, is not coming to San Francisco, and that the idea of her tour through the United States and Europe has been abandoned. A private letter received today announces the fact. The reason ascribed is the unsatisfactory condition of Hawaiian finances. It is known that the \$2,000,000 loan which was advanced as taken up, has only been partially floated, and that Claus Spreckels has succeeded in getting possession of the greater portion of what has been placed to the credit of the Hawaiian Government on account of it. The King was anxious for the Queen to make the trip so that he might be represented by his queen at the great jubilee in London of Queen Victoria, but when the expense was figured up it was found that there was not enough money in the royal exchequer to provide for the necessary expenses. The probabilities are, therefore, that both San Francisco society and Queen Victoria will be deprived of the pleasure of seeing Queen Kapiolani.

SPRECKEL'S SHARP GAME.

The same letter states that the Minister at Honolulu received advices from the Bank of California in this city, stating that Rothschild, of London had instructed the Bank of California to place \$485,000, the proceeds of \$100,000 to the credit of the Hawaiian Government. This mail brings an order to pay Claus Spreckels \$300,000 of the fund.

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PACIFIC COAST.

The Alleged Colton Murderer Captured.

The San Francisco Board of Health Passes Some Resolutions.

Miners Win an Important Debris Case at Stockton.

A Big Bluff at Rocklin—Another Interview with Phil Armour—Big Real-estate Sales—A Budget of News from San Francisco.

By Telegraph to The Times.
COLTON, March 19.—[By the Associated Press.] Considerable excitement prevails here over the arrest of a man who answers to the description of Springer, the murderer. Upon the arrival of the San Diego express, at 2:30 p.m., Officers Karp and Brown were notified of his arrival, and placed him under arrest. He stoutly denies being Springer, and claims to be a stonecutter in search of work.

OWL-LIKE WISDOM.

The San Francisco Board of Health Proceeds to Resolve.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 19.—[By the Associated Press.] The Board of Health met in secret session today for the purpose of adopting measures to protect the city from the danger that is threatened by the arrival in port of steamers from places infected with smallpox. There were present at the meeting Mayor Pond and Drs. McCarthy and Perry. The following resolutions were adopted, and Secretary Malley was instructed to send copies to Dr. McAllister, quarantine officer:

"Resolved, that all persons arriving on vessels from the port of San Pedro be declared infected with smallpox, and as the port of San Pedro is the port of departure from that city it is declared infected, and that all vessels arriving therefrom shall be placed in quarantine until thoroughly inspected by the quarantine officer."

"Resolved, that all persons arriving on vessels from the port of San Pedro shall, before being allowed to land, be vaccinated, unless showing signs of a perfect previous vaccination."

THE MINERS WIN.

An Important Debris Case Decided at Stockton.

STOCKTON, March 19.—[By the Associated Press.] The debris suit brought by this city against the hydraulic miners, was decided for the defendants this morning on the ground that the natural wash and the plowing of the bottom farms is responsible for the debris to an excessively large extent. The suit was brought against fourteen defendants of Calaveras, but was dismissed against all but the North Hill mine-owners. The opinion of Judge Pressly was filed today in favor of the defendant. An appeal will probably be taken.

A BLAZE AT ROCKLIN.

A Business Block Destroyed—One Man Burned to Death.
ROCKLIN (Cal.), March 19.—[By the Associated Press.] Fire started in Mullinix's saloon about 12:30 this morning which soon swept the entire block. The losses are: Rocklin Hotel, \$3000; stock and furniture, \$1000; C. G. Soule's building and stock of candles, etc., \$500; insurance, \$100; W. R. Williams' saloon and dwelling, \$1000; insurance, \$500; H. Mullinix's saloon and skating rink, \$1500; insurance, \$500; D. Porter's saloon and livery stable, \$1000; insurance, \$500; L. Jodolne's barber shop, \$500; no insurance; J. P. Burchard's saloon, music hall and fixtures, \$3000; insurance, \$1500. Very little stock was saved and that in a damaged condition. The remains of M. Connally were found in the ruins. The cause has not been determined. How the saloon started is a mystery. The railroad fire department did good work in confining the flames to one block, as it looked at one time as though the whole business part of the town would have gone.

PHIL ARMOUR.

Not as Intent on New Schemes as Has Been Reported.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 19.—[By the Associated Press.] For some days a rumor has been current in this city that Phil D. Armour, the famous beef shipper, had made satisfactory shipping rates with the Southern Pacific and other railroads, and would at an early day begin the erection of extensive packing houses at Los Angeles with a view to utilizing with the shortest possible haul the cattle of Arizona and Northern Mexico. Mr. Armour, who is in this city on a visit, was seen by the writer and said there was no foundation whatever for the stories. "I have not," he continued, "talked business since I left home. I have not said 'bullock to a soul, and have no idea of the erection of works on this coast, not just now, at least."

SAN FRANCISCO.

Estate of the late Mrs. C. F. Crocker—Notes from the Bay.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 19.—[By the Associated Press.] Col. C. F. Crocker has applied to the Probate Court for letters of administration on the estate of Mrs. Jennie M. Crocker, his wife, who died on the 26th of February in this city. The property of the deceased consists of real and personal property located in San Mateo county and in this city, and is valued at \$121,750.

EDWARD SATHER'S BANK INCORPORATED. The private bank of Sather & Company was today incorporated as the Sather Banking Company, with a capital of \$1,250,000. The names of the directors are J. L. N. Shepard, A. Chabot, Charles Main, H. L. Dodge, Louis Sloss, W. P. Johnston and Albert Miller. The amount of the capital actually invested is \$72,500.

AN INSANE PARTRIDGE.

Daniel Hayes, the young man who killed his father with a butcher-knife, December 8th of last year, was examined before the Commissioners of Insanity this morning. At the conclusion of the testimony of several witnesses, the commissioners held a short consultation, when it was decided to commit Hayes to the Napa Insane Asylum to remain there till cured, and then to be remanded to the custody of the Sheriff. He will be taken to Napa tomorrow.

AN UNLUCKY BURGLAR.

James Scott, the burglar who was shot in the jaw about 2 o'clock on the morning of the 8th inst., while robbing a boarding-house kept at the corner of Francisco and Hill streets by E. J. Wilkinson, died at the Hospital this morning from the effects of his wound. Scott was formerly employed in the house.

STEETE'S SENTENCE.

Pending proceedings in the motion for a new trial, the sentence of the dynamiter, a verdict acquitting the defendant.

Serial, which was to have been delivered by Judge Hunt today, was put off till next Saturday.

BOOMING TOWNS.

Notes of Prosperity at Santa Barbara and Other Places.
SANTA BARBARA, March 19.—[By the Associated Press.] Real-estate transactions were very heavy the past week. One hundred and thirty thousand dollars' worth of unimproved buildings are springing up all around. A three-story business block to cost \$40,000 has just been contracted for.

CASTROVILLE HOPEFUL.

Castroville, March 19.—The boom has reached Castroville. The Southern Pacific Company has made this station the end of a division. A train-dispatcher has been stationed here and a large eating establishment has been erected, with a view of having this place an eating station when the road is connected with the railroad now being built to Napa. The way is open, and new buildings are being put up. A great many lots are being sold. The railroad company is putting up large watering tanks, and other improvements are in course of construction.

BRIGHT OUTLOOK AT MERCED.

MERCED, March 19.—The real-estate transfers in this county during the past week amounted to \$138,450. Most of this was ranch property, although speculation in town lots is quite active. The Merced Canal and Irrigation Company bought 1000 acres at \$25 per acre of land which is known as the Hoblen ranch. Inquiry for large tracts for colony purposes is a feature in land matters here.

CROP PROSPECTS.

Crop prospects have much improved during the past week, owing to warm days and cool nights. Wheat is looking as usual at this time of year. Rain, however, would be a benefit, though nothing is suffering now.

CAUGHT NAPPING.

An Army Paymaster Robbed of \$7500 by a Cowboy Who Makes Good His Escape After a Hot Pursuit.

CHICAGO, March 19.—[By the Associated Press.] A Times special from Douglas, Wyo., says: "Particulars have just been received here of the robbery of United States Army Paymaster D. N. Bush of \$7500 at Antelope Springs. Maj. Bush was en route to Fort McKinney to pay off the troops and stopped at Antelope Springs to get dinner, leaving a valise containing the money in the coach, which stood a few steps from the building and in plain view of the Major and his escort. As they sat at the table, and during the progress of the meal, a stranger who had arrived at the station that morning and was present when the stage came, ran to the stage and seized the valise, jumped on a horse standing near the stage, and rode off. The horses sprang for their guns and ran out, firing several shots at the flying desperado without effect. Mounting the stage horses, they followed the fugitive, who turned in his saddle and fired several shots, which were returned by the pursuers with interest. The robbers horse, however, was superior to those on which the pursuing party were mounted, and the fugitive got away. Following his trial, the valise was found, from which the robber had removed the money, also a pair of pants, minus one leg, evidently used by the fugitive as a sack in which to carry the cash. The thief is known to be a cowboy named Charley Parker, who has been until recently, on a ranch on the Cheyenne River. The money taken is \$200 in silver and the rest in gold. Maj. Bush offers a reward of \$1000 for the capture of the robber and return of the money.

THE BUFFALO FIRE.

Revised List of the Richmond Hotel Victims.

BUFFALO (N. Y.), March 19.—[By the Associated Press.] The revised list of the fatalities at the Richmond Hotel fire is as follows: Wilson Purcell, Kate Wolfe, of Lockport, Mark Osborne, Lizzie Welch, Katie Kent, Henry B. Runsey. The missing and unaccounted for are: J. B. Ackers, Hiriam Benedict, Jr., of Lockport; Mr. Johnson, of Toronto; Joseph Sayre, of Erie, and J. C. Pratt, of Albany. Mr. Goodrich, of New York, reported missing, was found dead from Cleveland, O. The list at present stands: Six dead, 31 injured, 40 seriously, and 5 missing.

A largely attended meeting of representative citizens was held at the Merchant's Exchange, this afternoon, to take action in favor of the removal of all electric wires from the streets and place them underground. The meeting grew out of the experiences of the fire department, which were greatly increased by the cables strung across the telephone company. The meeting was adopted declaring it the sense of the meeting that the telephone company be requested to move their cables before Monday next at noon, and if they fail to do so, then the proper authorities will be requested to remove them.

WASHINGTON.

The Agricultural Department Investigating the White Seal.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 19.—[By the Associated Press.] Dr. C. V. Riley, Entomologist of the Agricultural Department, has come to California to investigate, among other things, the cottony cushion scale, an insect imported from Australia, which is reported to be doing immense damage to the citrus orchards of California.

TO MEET IN SAN FRANCISCO.

Through the efforts of C. S. Young, of Nevada, and Hon. Fred M. Campbell, of California, a site for California has been selected for the meeting of the National Education Association in 1888, has been worked up. The following resolution was unanimously adopted at the closing session of the National Department of Superintendents:

"Resolved, that it is the sense of this convention that the best interests of this association will be served by holding the session of 1888 in San Francisco."

A RELIGIOUS WAR.

Rival Missionaries Making Trouble on Tonka Island.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 19.—[By the Associated Press.]—The steamer Alameda, arrived from Sydney today, reports an attempt to assassinate the Premier of Tonka Island, Rev. Shirley Baker and his son and daughter, on the evening of January 13th. While out driving several men, whites and natives, fired upon them, wounding the daughter. Seven hundred native women met and lynched the suspected intruder, but were dismissed by Mr. Baker. The trouble was owing to religious quarrels between the different sects. Mr. Baker charges the adherents of Mr. Moulton, one of the missionaries, with exciting civil war.

Great excitement prevailed at last accounts, and Mr. Baker was barricaded in the King's Palace. Mr. Moulton denies inciting hostilities and complains of oppression exercised by his opponent on the Island.

Acquitted.

SANTA ROSA, March 19.—After a trial of two weeks the Van Doren case was given to the jury this afternoon. After twelve minutes' deliberation the jury returned with a verdict acquitting the defendant.

ROBES AND HORSE-BLANKETS.

James Scott, the burglar who was shot in the jaw about 2 o'clock on the morning of the 8th inst., while robbing a boarding-house kept at the corner of Francisco and Hill streets by E. J. Wilkinson, died at the Hospital this morning from the effects of his wound. Scott was formerly employed in the house.

STEETE'S SENTENCE.

Pending proceedings in the motion for a new trial, the sentence of the dynamiter, a verdict acquitting the defendant.

A GIGANTIC GORGE.

Critical State of Affairs at Bismarck, Dak.

Towns in the Vicinity Threatened with Utter Annihilation.

Efforts to Rescue Residents in the Flooded Districts.

The Gorge at Sibley Island Holds Firm in Spite of Attempts to Break It with Dynamite.

A Blizzard Adds New Terror to the Situation.

By Telegraph to The Times.

BISMARCK (Dak.), March 19.—[By the Associated Press.] The gorge at Sibley Island is still intact, despite the dynamite used. The scenes here today are desolate and dreary. The river is still over six miles in width. All last night a swinging light was seen in the woods, and several vain attempts were made to send a rescuing party to where it appeared. The light was a signal of distress from a settler who, it is learned this morning by looking through a field-glass, has been on the top of his stack since the rising of the waters, swinging his lantern in the hope of calling help. His stack is completely surrounded by water, and is two miles from the shore of the newly-made stream and is almost afloat. Two rescuing parties were sent out this morning, and have found several families on the roofs of houses. The field-glass is being used with good results, as numerous settlers have been discovered. Some persons are in trees, and others are floating in their boats.

Manan is completely inundated, and the water runs through the streets as if in a mill-race. The situation at the river landing here is unchanged. The water is still running through the boarding-houses and river residences up to the second story. The worst is coming. The great rise at Fort Buford is now half way here, and to reach this point some time tonight. This will make the highest water known in this part, and unless the river breaks at Sibley Island, Manan will be in danger of annihilation. The Little Heart River flows into the Missouri just below Manan, and should the ice in this stream break today or before the Buford rise arrives the entire surplus water will be back in the river. The high water of the Northern Pacific is wrecked. Bismarck is the terminus of the Northern Pacific. Yesterday's passenger train with its load of people bound for the Pacific Coast left the sidetrack here all night, and will not be able to leave for several days. Renewed efforts to break the gorge at Sibley Island will be made. The gorge consists of six miles of solid ice wedged into the bottom of the river and piled to a height of forty feet.

All the mail-routes are blocked. The snowstorm has been transferred into a blinding blizzard, and it is feared that the rescuing parties will be lost. They are out with small yaws, and with the blinding storm and a current of ten miles an hour, they will be unable to guide their crafts or keep their bearings.

THE RESCUE PARTIES SAFE.

BISMARCK (Dak.), March 19.—The blizzard is raging tonight and the air so thick with snow that it is impossible to see across the street. The relief parties sent out this morning about whose safety the greatest concern was felt, came back this afternoon in a boat bringing in "Dutch Mike" and Thomas White, taken from house to house by them for nearly 24 hours. Three yaws also came in bringing H. McCarthy and wife and C. A. Beal, found on a little mound opposite Fort Lincoln, with the water within six inches of them. In this blinding storm the return of the boat was little short of miraculous. The report of the drowning of Supt. Graham on the Mandan side cannot be verified, however, as no communication. There is snow running in the river, which indicates that the gorge is still holding above Buford. The rise of thirty feet cannot get here before tomorrow. The train from the East today brought more emigrants, and there are now over one hundred here. The Northern Pacific road is returning to the East passengers who desire it free.

LYNCH LAW IN TENNESSEE.

CHICAGO, March 19.—The Times' Troy (Tenn.) special says: "A mob of masked men surrounded the County Jail at this place, about 12 o'clock, and demanded admission of the Sheriff. Being refused, they broke down the outside door, went to the room of the jailer, and, breaking down the door, demanded the keys of the cells. At the noise of pistols and guns, they commenced firing, and when they took out a prisoner named William Hardy, a mulatto, who had murdered a young white man. They then hanged their victim to a tree."

TERMINUS SECOND-ST. CABLE ROAD.

—THE BELMONT—

Under New Management.

TERMINUS SECOND-ST. CABLE ROAD.

HOTEL.

TERMINUS SECOND-ST. CABLE ROAD.

FAST VANISHING.

SMALLPOX CASES BECOMING FEWER AND FEWER.

The Exact Situation at 10 O'clock Last Night—Only One New Case in Seven Days—The Board of Health.

The indications that the smallpox is so well in hand that it will be fully kept down, grow more flattering daily. It is possible that a few sporadic cases will yet turn up; but the barest possibility of an epidemic is fading far into the past. The Health Officer's assistants are vaccinating 600 people a day, and between 25,000 and 30,000 vaccinations have already been made.

In response to numerous inquiries, Health Officer Hagan states that the only requisite for the admission of children to the schools is that they shall have been successfully vaccinated. He will recognize a good scar, whether made by physician or parent. He will furthermore furnish good vaccine points to parents who wish to vaccinate their children. The quality of vaccine now being received, 1000 points daily, is the very best; and nearly every point "takes."

THE EXACT SITUATION.

The following report of Health Officer Hagan gives the situation at 10 o'clock last night:

Number and location of families under quarantine: 621 Hill street, 21 Pennsylvania, 570 Buena Vista, 233 and 356 Centre street, corner Pearl and College, and family near back-yard. Only one patient in each family.

Relieved from quarantine yesterday: Corner Seventh and Main, corner Fifth and Spring, and family on Chavez street.

Three patients that had recovered were discharged from the hospital, nine remaining.

Two deaths yesterday, an aged man, 72 years old, in the hospital, and a child at 535 Chavez street.

Total number of cases in the city, including those in the hospital, sixteen. Nearly all are convalescent.

There has been but one case in seven days—the false alarms being numerous.

Ernest Reddy, formerly copy-holder in THE TIMES composing-room, has recovered.

Dr. W. W. Ross has vaccinated the Southern Pacific Railroad employees from Yuma to Sumner. He states that there is not a single case of smallpox on the railroad in all that distance.

There is no new case of smallpox at 621 Hill street, despite the announcement in a paper which has been noted for nothing so much as for suppressing the smallpox news and falsifying them.

The Ontario Record reports two mild cases there and no danger.

BOARD OF HEALTH.

A Considerable Budget of Sanitary Business Done.

The city Board of Health met at 3:30 yesterday afternoon. There were present Mayor Workman and Councilmen Breed and Lovell. A communication was read from City Attorney Daly, calling the attention of the board to section 3061 of the Political Code, giving the duties of the board, also to section 378 of the Penal Code, defining the penalty for neglect to perform the duties enjoined by law for the preservation of public health. The matter was postponed for further information.

A petition was read, calling the attention of the board to persons who dump filth and dead animals on Seventh street near the river. The petition was signed by a number of citizens. The petitioners asked such persons or persons so compelled to go outside of the city limits. Recommended that the Council frame an ordinance compelling all such persons to dump their garbage into the river bed near the south end of lot six, block 57, and that the ordinance regulating the burial of dead animals be enforced. The board also in this connection recommended that a large pit be dug in the river bed near lot 6, block 57, as soon as the rainy season is over.

In the matter of the petition of the Odd Fellows to erect tents and buildings for hospital purposes on blocks 7 and 45, the board granted them the right to place temporary tents, etc., on the smallpox hospital grounds.

The Mayor reported that he and the Health Officer had distributed the city and appointed Drs. McCarty, Will Linnell, Cole, Cannon, Baker, Reed, Case, Gresham, Chote, Barrando and Ide to act as assistants to the Health Officer. He also said that they had but very little trouble in vaccinating people, having met with but one man who absolutely refused to be vaccinated. Each of the doctors above named will wear badge, so that people may know who they are.

The board called the attention of the Chief of Police to the ordinance requiring people to bury all dead animals under three feet of earth, and requested him to have it enforced.

They recommended that the present city sexton, P. Smith, of the old city cemetery be retained.

The board called the attention of the Health Officer to stagnant water back of the Eighth-street school.

The board then adjourned.

BRIEFS.

The Queen of the Pacific sails south today.

The Supervisors get to work again tomorrow.

A dude bootblack is one of the new street sights.

The Southern Pacific sent out twenty-one cars of oranges for the East last night.

The officers of the State Board of Health went north by the 1:30 p.m. train yesterday.

Marriage licenses were issued yesterday to C. J. Schermer and N. James, and T. F. Stigewalt and M. E. Watson.

The California Legion, No. 1, S. K., A. O. U. W. gave a social at the Opera-House Hall last night. There were about fifty couples present.

Albert Kinney will give a course of lectures on "Forestry" before the students of the University of Southern California, at the beginning of the next term.

A Raymond & Whitecomb excursion party of four cars came in last evening, and proceeded to the Raymond Hotel. The names were published in THE TIMES on Friday.

The transfer of the superb property at the northeast corner of Spring and First streets by John Bryson, Sr., to the Los Angeles National Bank, for \$125,000, was recorded yesterday.

Killed by a Tree.

Coroner Meredith received the following telegram yesterday:

SANTA ANA (Cal.), March 19.

The Coroner, Los Angeles: Mexican killed twenty miles from here. Tree fell on him.

JOHN R. PAUL.

Coroner Meredith goes down this morning to hold an inquest.

Merry Monrovia.

Monrovia is jumping. The real-estate sales there on Friday amounted to \$200,000. The principal purchasers were J. L. Case, the owner of the famous gelding Jay-Eye; See; J. M. Stinchaker, the widely known wagon manufacturer of Indiana; W. D. Smith, of South Bend, Ind., and F. C. Baker, of Pasadena.

Gloves.

Real Estate.

FIRST EXCURSION OF THE WEEK!

—IS TO THE OFFICE OF—

Mackey & Burnham,

57 S. SPRING STREET.

To purchase some of the following property.

200-60x165, Spring, near Fifth	\$20,000
211-60 feet on First st.	18,000
100-50x165, Spring, Second	18,000
217-60x165, Fort, First and Second	22,000
175-60x165, Fort, bet. Third and Fourth	18,000
N.E. corner Second and Olive, 70x165	18,000
150-60x165, Hope and Twelfth	8,000
100-50x165, Flower, near Tenth	2,000
41-60x165, Flower, near Ninth	2,000
9-60x165, Hill, near Eleventh	2,000
149-60x165, Hill bet. First and Second	7,000

Jackets!

Jackets!

Jackets!

GRAND SPRING OPENING!

—ON—

Monday, March 21st,

—AT—

MOSGROVE'S!

—THE LEADING—

Cloak and Suit House

—OF LOS ANGELES.—

Having obtained the exclusive agency in Southern California for three of the largest manufacturers in the United States, we are prepared to offer the ladies the following startling bargains for the coming season:

250 Jackets for.....\$2.00 each
250 tailor-made Jackets.....\$2.50 each

150 double-breasted, tailor-bound Jackets, in navy, garnet, seal, tan and black, at the extraordinary low price of.....\$5.00 each

Ready-made Suits!

A complete line of Suits for \$10, \$15, \$20 and \$25, made from the latest Eastern designs.

H. MOSGROVE & CO.,

21 South Spring Street,

Adjoining the Nadeau Hotel.

Unclassified.

W. A. Work, secretary of the Iowa Traveling Men's Association, says: "I regard Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhea Remedy as one of the safest and best medicines before the public for all cramps, pain in the stomach or bowels, cholera morbus or diarrhea. I have used this medicine personally. Sold by C. H. Hance, 77 & 79 North Spring street.

The Irish people are as strong physically as any race on earth. Their modes of preventing and combating disease, successful as they are, consists almost entirely of one medicine, Physic. Patrick's Pills are the best physician anyone can take. Sold by C. H. Hance, 77 & 79 North Spring street.

C. V. Baxter, an experienced and successful druggist at De Witt, Iowa, says one family there created an immense sale for Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, by using and recommending it to their neighbors during their siege of Windham, Iowa. Now it sells rapidly on its merits. It has no equal for coughs, colds and Spring street.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy cures the most obstinate cough. Try it! Sold by C. H. Hance, 77 & 79 North Spring street.

ELECTRO-MAGNETISM,

THE NEW MEANS OF CURE—DR. E. ROBBIN'S ELECTRO-MAGNETIC INSTITUTE, corner of First and Spring streets (entrance on First street), is now fitted up, in considerable style, for the treatment of all forms of disease, chronic and so-called incurable diseases by the finest electrical apparatuses in the world. Turkish and Russian baths; also Electro-Sulphur baths, and similar cures can be used to the wonderful effects of electricity in curing cases of chronic diseases when all else had failed, and therefore all persons suffering should try this new remedy before abandoning all hope. After every course of treatment the patients are given the Massage treatment by persons of their own sex.

The Doctor diagnoses diseases without examination from the outside, free of charge. His office hours are 9 till 12, 1 to 5, 7 to 9.

Real Estate.

Grand Credit Sale at Auction!

—OF THE—

SUBDIVISION OF THE HOW TRACT!

—SELECTED RESIDENCE LOTS—AT AUCTION.

Matlock, Newton & Matlock, Auctioneers, 111 W. First st.

Thursday, March 24, 1887, at 2 o'clock p.m., on the Grounds.

A golden opportunity for investment. Slighty healthy location; protected by white firs, sequoias and cedars; and in summer have the full sun bright. Mountain water on every lot. This tract is located in East Los Angeles, only a few blocks from Downey-ave. cars; only three blocks from the proposed cable line. This tract must be seen to be appreciated. Sale positive.

HOW TO GET THERE: Take the two-horse cars to East Los Angeles; stop at Spring ave.; then change to the 11th street line. Also, take the 11th street line to the office of the auctioneers, 111 W. FIRST ST., on day of sale, leaving the office at 1 o'clock p.m.

TERMS—10 per cent, at time of sale; balance of 1/4 in five days; balance of purchase money to be paid in monthly payments of \$5; no interest. Discount of 5 per cent for all cash.

Matlock, Newton & Matlock, Auctioneers, Office, 111 W. First st.

Unclassified.

REMOVAL SALE!

AS WE EXPECT TO REMOVE TO OUR NEW QUARTERS,

Northwest Corner of Spring and First Sts.,

The stand now occupied by J. T. Sheward, about April 16th, we shall offer.

FOR THE NEXT THIRTY DAYS, OUR ENTIRE STOCK OF

BOYS' AND CHILDREN'S HEAVY-WEIGHT CLOTHING!

At a discount of 10 to 15 per cent less than former prices.

This insures to buyers reliable goods at prices lower than anything heretofore offered in this market. Every garment marked in plain figures, from which the discount shall be deducted.

BLUETT & SULLIVAN, 13 S. SPRING ST., NADEAU BLOCK.

QUICK-MEAL GASOLINE STOVES.

THE BEST MADE. BUY ONE.

Try it thoroughly; if not absolutely satisfied bring it back and get your money.

Will remove about April 10th to our new storerooms, 133 and 135 WEST FIRST STREET next New Times Building, corner First and Fort streets. Will show the finest and best line of MANTELS AND GRATES ever shown on this coast.

Stoves & Ranges, House-Furnishings,

—IN ALL LINES.—

Crandall, Crow & Co., 30 & 32 N. Spring St.

Anglo-Nevada Assurance Corporation
—OF SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—

CAPITAL, fully paid.....\$2,000,000

DIRECTORS: J. Greenebaum, James L. Flood, W. H. Dimond, John L. Brander, E. E. Eyre, Louis Sloss, E. L. Griffith.

RANKERS—THE NEVADA BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO.

Los Angeles Agents, KREMER, MELZER & CAMPBELL, 122 N. Spring St.

Auction Sale of Real Estate.

Mammoth Auction Sale!

—OF THE—

FAMOUS PELLISSIER TRACT!

At the Terminus of the Celebrated Electric Railway,

—RUNNING REGULARLY, AND NOW A GRAND SUCCESS!—
On Wednesday, March 23, 1887,
—AT 11 O'CLOCK A.M., ON THE PREMISES,

BY ORDER OF THE LOS ANGELES LAND BUREAU, A CORPORATION.

Will sell the above well-known desirable property,

Now Subdivided Into 205 Beautiful Building Lots!

EASTON & ELDREDGE, AUCTIONEERS.

A fine lunch will be served on the grounds at commencement of sale.

This is a grand opportunity of purchasing a home for from \$100 to \$

WOMAN AND HOME.

THE IMPORTANCE OF CORRECT PARENTAL TRAINING.

Early Discipline Shapes Character—Obedience Should Be Enforced—Kindness and Firmness Essential—The Story of a Weak Mother.

I know a mother who has a family of four bright and handsome children. She is very proud of their unusual beauty and intelligence. In fact, she has no thought and no interest in life into which found hope for her children do not enter. But for all that, she is those children's worst enemy. She is fitting them for ruin just as rapidly as it is possible for her to do so. She is doing this through foolish pampering, excessive indulgence, and failure to restrain them. Every foolish wish of theirs is law to her. Every desire of theirs is complied with, as far as possible, no matter how strongly her judgment may condemn it. If they are guilty of improper conduct, she endeavors to *coax* them to do better, instead of gently reprimanding them for the wrong, and teaching them to do better. If their father seeks to correct them, she invariably takes sides with the children. She chides him in their presence if he endeavors to control them, until they look upon even the slightest punishment that he may inflict as an indignity, unjustly offered them, and which, of course, they feel called upon to resent. If he justly reprimands them, she pities and soothes them, and thus they learn to defy all authority, and know no law but that of their own perverse wills.

What an education is this for a child! There is no kindness that a parent can show a child that is worth so much to him as the lessons of obedience. Train your children to respect all just authority. Educate their consciences, and never utter a command unless you are prepared to enforce prompt obedience to it.

It is not often that children, properly trained, require punishment. They learn to respect your authority, and to cheerfully accede to it, early recognizing the fact that you seek their highest good. Children are quick to understand. They are apt students of human nature, and they read you through and through long before you are fully aware of their clear perception of the motives influencing your conduct. Be consistent with them; then; be just; be tender; be loving, yet firm; make obedience the law of your household; let your children feel that their transgressions are like sore wounds to the heart of their parents, and that when called to punish them, you do it in sorrow rather than anger, and you will have no trouble in training them to do the right because it is right, and to avoid the wrong because it is wrong, and its doing would wound the hearts of those who love them. There is infinite truth in the teaching of the wise man: "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

NOTES.

Gilt fans, in various sizes, studded with jewels in roccoco fashion, are the passing fancy for photograph-holders.

Dr. Ramos, in the New York Medical Journal, says that hiccoughs may be stopped by refrigeration of the lobe of the ear. An application of cold water is sufficient.

Matsu-no-kee, or daisy glass, is to be had in the softest tones of ruby, turquoise, amber, pale blue and the delicate yellow of the primrose. Crystal daises in tasteful profusion adorn the rims and sides of the vases, bowls and jars made of it.

For Polishing Stained Floors.—Use a weighted brush with a long handle. Beeswax gives a very much better polish than varnish, as the latter will show every scratch of the boots or chairs upon it, and will soon look like an old floor. Do not begin with varnish, but use the wax polish from the first.

Damson Tart.—Fill a pie-dish, lined with good paste, with ripe, sound damsons; sweeten very plentifully; cover with crust, and bake. Brush with beaten egg when done, and return to the oven one moment to glaze.

Sweet-potato Pies.—When the potatoes are dry and mealy, take a quart, after they have been pared, boiled and mashed; a quart of milk, four eggs, salt, nutmeg, cinnamon and sugar to taste. Bake the same as squash pies. If the potatoes are very moist, use less milk.

An excellent recipe for muffins is here given: Four quarts of sifted flour, one teacupful of sugar, one teacupful of butter, one cupful of yeast, four eggs, a little salt, and two quarts of sweet milk; let this rise all night, after mixing thoroughly. Of course, the quantity here mentioned can be reduced, keeping the same proportions. Bake in muffin-trays, in a quick oven.

Milk Gravy.—Put in your spider about one tablespoonful of fried-meat gravy or pint or butter; when hot, add nearly one of milk; when the milk comes to a boil, add pepper salt, one heaping teaspoonful of flour, stirred in a little cold milk, so it will not be lumpy. —The Caterer.

Creamed Eggs.—Boil eight eggs until hard, plunge into cold water, remove the shells without breaking the whites, put into a vegetable dish and cover with drawn butter, made of a pint of new milk, two spoonfuls of butter, a little salt, and thickened with half a spoonful of cornstarch. This is an excellent breakfast dish. —[Housewife.]

A contemporary says it is easy to get rid of black ants. Open a hill with a hoe, scatter on a handful of salt, sprinkle on a quart of water, and the ants will leave immediately. A few days ago the house was overrun with insects. The correspondent round eleven anthills within two rods of his building. After the above application not an ant was to be seen about the premises.

A very simple relief for neuralgia is to boil a handful of lobelia in half a pint of water till the strength is out of the herb; then strain off, and add a tea-spoonful of fine salt. Wring cloths out of the liquid as hot as possible, and spread them over the part affected. It acts like a charm. Change the cloths as soon as cold, till the pain is all gone; then cover the place with soft, dry covering till perspiration is over, so as to prevent taking cold.

Take two large tablespoonfuls of cologne and two teaspoonfuls of fine salt; mix them together in a small hot-tile; every time you have any acute

affection of the facial nerves, or neuralgia, simply breathe the fumes into your nose from the bottle, and you will be immediately relieved.

Prepare horseradish by grating and mixing with vinegar, the same as for the table, and apply to the temple when the face or head is affected, or to the wrist when the pain is in the arm or shoulder.

SUSAN SUNSHINE.

Summer Days.

O summer days! fair summer days! When children play and lands straying, We hear along the upland ways The sound of brook and plain: When through soft aisles of misty green, Made sweet and cool with shadows, Came gleams of yellow bloom between From distant sunny meadows.

Summer Days!

When over hills of clover, We loitered by the sunny ways Or walked the green paths over; By the river's silver sheen, The lilies red were burning, Like scarlet flame against the green, That summer winds were turning.

Summer Days!

To see the sun go down, We strolled the path of love's song, And said good-bye forever! —[By Adelaide D. Rollston in *Louisville Courier-Journal*.]

A TRUE PARISIENNE.

The Audacious Career of Rose Pompon—Her Astounding Memoirs. [London Telegraph.]

The recent publication of the memoirs of Cora Pearl, and the dismal end of that once famous courtesan, have directed a good deal of public attention to the faded or fading demimondaines of the empire. I had occasion, yesterday, to refer to the jeweler and other property of Mme. Needham, which were lately sold by auction in the Hotel Drouot, and to remark that, unlike the poverty-stricken and disfigured Emma Crutch, Mme. Needham had netted a snug income out of her gains, which enabled her to end her days in quiet opulence. The same may be said of the interesting female who calls herself Mile. Rose Pompon.

The elderly beauty has published her memoirs, but not, like Cora Pearl, through indigence, for she lives in a villa, is still surrounded by every luxury, and communicates in her parish church with the punctuality of an Ursuline nun. But Rose Pompon has been smitten with the desire to see herself in print, and has accordingly dictated her souvenirs to a person who has put them into readable shape.

Rose began her career as a dancer—not, as she takes care to remark, in the natural style affected by that epileptic contortionist, "Grille d'Egypt," but in the old classical manner which, as she naively adds, was almost chaste. Her movements were supple and undulating. She swam around the stage like a gauze, lightly lifting the hem of her petticoat between her finger and thumb, and not playing the guitar with her toes in the air, like "La Goulue."

Like "Othello," she had many hair-breadth escapes in her time. She became mistress to a king's son, and was expelled. She captivated a Russian marshal by dancing before him, and this while France was at war with the Muscovite. Rose was near the Crimea at the time, and wanted a favor for a friend from the marshal, who was reported to be as tough as leather. A few pirouettes and a judicious display of her legs brought the marshal to her feet, and the rest is easily told. Rose had a great admiration for Rachel, the celebrated tragedienne, whom she used to meet sometimes at Mimi Veron's suppers, and this is how she, or rather the compiler of her memoirs, describes the great actress: "I see her now, very pale her cheeks rather hollow, divinely dressed, and looking like a queen. I recollect that I used to admire her dainty little feet, shod in black satin slippers. They were so mimogous one of her last admirers had used one of them as a pattern for a little silver slipper, which might have been modeled after Cinderella herself."

The admirers of those days, as Rose remarks *en passant*, were very generous. Cora Pearl, La Barucci and others used to squander millions of francs as easily as ordinary people spend their pence. Unlike them, the careful Pompon has, after all her adventures, fallen on her feet, a *tour de force* which has gained for her the admiration of M. Sarcey, who thinks that it could only be accomplished by a true Parisienne.

Fitz John Porter and His Family. [Washington Letter in the Boston Transcript.]

Gen. Porter is a man of slender build, and is by no means in robust health. He impresses one as a man grown old before his time and anticipating years that can hardly belong to him. His hair is quite gray, and his face in repose is careworn. He is a quiet man though I should say, with a few friends about him he would be a ready talker. The twenty years' waiting and anxiety to be restored to his old place in the army have left their mark on the man as, perhaps, no physical illness could have done. Mrs. Porter is a woman of sunny presence, and one to win and hold friends. I have never met two more charming girls than their daughters.

They have seen enough of the world to be interesting, but not enough to spoil them. They have much simplicity of character and sweetness of manner that are always a refreshing charm to the people at the capital, where young society women seem to get through with naturalness in about one season. Gen. Porter's daughters have no advantage, or, perhaps I should say, disadvantages, of foreign travel. They are thoroughly American girls, well educated and so well bred as never to fail in the smallest courtesy toward others, no matter where they are placed.

A Slight Confusion of Terms.

[Life.]

Citizen—Are you a resident of New York, sir?

Stranger—No, sir; I live over in Wanamaker.

Citizen—Wanamaker?

Stranger—Yes; where John Philadelphia has that big store, you know?

The Indian Should Vote.

[Alta.]

At a meeting of the county committee of the New York Labor party Mayor Hewitt and his letter were denounced by resolutions offered by August Levy, Herr Leubnitzer, Con. Doody and Mr. Quinn. We agree with Gen. Crook. The Indians ought to vote.

A FAMOUS "SCRUB."

INTERESTING GOSSIP ABOUT A FAST MEXICAN MUSTANG.

Once Owned by "Jayhawker" Jennison, of Kansas—A Notable Horse of Untractable Ancestry—His Anecdotes and His Speed.

CITY OF MEXICO, March 9.—[Correspondence of the Times.] For many years Leavenworth, Kan., was the distributing point for most of the products of New Mexico. Among other traders of those days was a Mexican named, say, Cota, who made an annual trip in with a drove of horses from the *mesiano*—"mustang"—stock of the Territory, which will net its owners many millions.

A Soldier Under Napoleon. Do you see that tumble-down cottage there, Beyond the road by the sunflower tree, Where the old man sits in his corner chair, And the old woman sits by his side? You never would think such a place to meet an old hero face to face—

A soldier under Napoleon.

There's little hero, I confess, In the weathered old man in his corner chair, Not much more than a sight to his hairless head. As he sits and mumbles and grumbles there; If it's ninety years take much away, His title, at least, will always stay—

A soldier under Napoleon.

His dim eyes watch his daughter at work, A thin old woman in calico; Her dim eyes notes her grandson at play, With his piping and his all in a row; And he dearly loves his pint of gin And his black clay pipe, this man has been

A soldier under Napoleon.

But Jena, Austerlitz, And last and bloodiest, Waterloo! Will his eyes not flash if I repeat these words? That last great day when, the records tell, You fought it like a tiger, nor quit your post? For the man in blue, your comrades tell?

"I just remember I used to be—

A soldier under Napoleon."

Good sir, I say, "Do you recollect That last great day when, the records tell, You fought it like a tiger, nor quit your post? For the man in blue, your comrades tell?"

"I just remember I used to be—

A soldier under Napoleon."

Noor Jehan. [Lahore Correspondence Baltimore Sun.] The story of the building of one of the tombs here is sufficiently interesting to bear repetition. When only her apparent Jehanir fell in love with one of her mother's attendants, named Noor Jehan, and wished to marry her, but Akbar married her to one of his Afghan followers, with her willing consent. Jehanir determined to have her, and her husband was shortly afterward murdered, by Jehanir's orders, it was believed. For a long time she refused to become his wife, but finally capitulated about the time he ascended the throne. Jehanir was then a coarse, brutal drunkard, who delighted in torturing those who came under his displeasure. But Noor Jehan, besides having great beauty—she was credited with being the most beautiful and fascinating woman in the empire—possessed remarkable talents and great force of character. Her influence over the Emperor was so great that she made him less cruel, and frequently kept him from drink. Her influence was always for good, but she is principally remembered as the inventor of ottar of roses.

Jehanir raised her to honors which no Mohammedan woman had ever enjoyed. He went so far as to order that all coins bearing her name should be considered of a value 100 times greater than their actual worth. Notwithstanding that she must have known that her first husband was murdered at the Emperor's instigation, her attachment for him toward the end seemed to know no bounds. He called her "Noor Naba"! (Light of the World). Jehanir had often expressed a wish to be buried at Lahore, which Noor Jehan complied with, building the beautiful tomb mentioned above, and then retiring from the world, vowing to never wear anything but spotless white as a token of inconsolable widowhood. She lived many years afterward, and in comparative comfort, we may suppose, from the fact that she had an annuity of over a million dollars.

Origin of Some National Airs. [New York Sun.]

Gen. Boulanger has supplied the bands of the French army with a complete collection of the national music of all countries. When the Emperor of Brazil visited Paris some years ago considerable difficulty was experienced in hunting up the national anthem of Brazil, and it is to guard against similar trouble that the great War Minister has armed the buglers with the material in question. The list, of course, is long. It includes the war-song of the Japanese, the *ode to Kosciusko*, the favorite song of the Poles, and the "March of Rakoczy," which has so often roused the enthusiasm of Hungarian poets and patriots. "Hail Columbia" is there, too. So is "God Save the Queen," which is said to be French air, originally composed in honor of Louis XIV., and, in time stolen, captured or borrowed by Handel, who presented it to George I. of England. And, by the way, it is a sort of semi-official tune in this country, too, and is called "America."

Adapting Woman to Costume. [London Queen.]

I am amused to observe that an Italian authority writes of the four fashionable colors for this season in quite a new vein. It would appear that the woman is to be adapted to the costume, instead of the costume to the wearer. For instance: "Gobelins, a greenish-musk color, to be accompanied by the silver hair, the serene eyes and the delicately-faded face of an old lady. Sevres, a very delicate tint of pale blue, slightly tinged with pink; this requires great freshness of complexion and smile, and, if possible, the soft, clinging blonde, cendre hair of the Slav women. Chaudron, copper-color, with golden reflections, full of light, which will harmonize admirably with the pale brunette complexion and blue eyes of southern woman. Verde estivo, an intense green, lighter than bottle green, full of sunlight. This requires a wearer of the blonde Titianesque type, joyous, florid, full of life; such is the glory and the apothosis."

INNOCUOUS UNINTELLIGENCE.

"Say, Dan," said Mr. Cleveland, gazing out of the window, "what do you think of matutinal peregrination?"

"Please," replied the faithful vizier, "I would prefer to consult before committing myself to an opinion."

"What wouldst consult, O, Daniel, the probabilities?"

"No, sire, the dictionary."

WILL BECOME BEARABLE.

A railway from Chicago direct to the City of Mexico is projected. With a few more additional facilities for leaving the city, life in Chicago will be come bearable.

SWEETS TO THE SWEET.

She: Your little wife made that cake with her own dear little hands!

He: Well, now, if my little wife will eat that cake with her own dear little hands, I will be satisfied.

FROM A GALLIC POINT OF VIEW.

"Ah! but zees a funny contree. If a man haf a fast horse he call it *more* after his mazzure, and if he haf two he call it *pere* after hees fathaire."

HIS COMFORT.

The dude with asinine ears may take consolation in the lines:

"Man wants but little ear below, And wants that little long."

Odds and Ends.

Drop your bad habits, my son, before you bad habits get the drop on you.

Physis beats the faiure cure, because it has the inside track.

A natural gas explosion—The season of inaugural addresses.—[Boston Transcript.]

Whitrock gave up the coal business to go into the train-robbing industry. The transition was easy from a light-

FRESH FUN.

PICKINGS FROM THE LATEST AND BRIGHTEST PAPERS.

Caustic and Scholarly Wit from Life, Snappy Sentences from Flick, and Comical Conceits from All Along the Line.

The following excerpts are taken from the latest issues of the periodicals generally conceded the brightest of their kind in existence:

A cure for poverty—Sinecure.

The Chinese of California are the queue-cumbers of the soil.

Jake Sharp believes in the old Scriptural intimation that it's a Broadway that leads to destruction.

The Trade-dollar Bill has passed. This is not remarkable. Any kind of a dollar bill will pass

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

HOW TEN BOYS WENT EXPLORING—PART IV.

Further Incidents of Island Life—Monkeys, Bright Birds, Palm Trees, Parrots and Dusky Savages—Another Island Discovered.

It was only just dawn when the boys awoke the next morning. The stars had faded from the east. Where the sea touched the horizon was a line of pale lemon color. The wind was very light, and the vessel lay motionless upon the water. In the pretty cabin, breakfast was prepared. There was a dish of coconuts upon the table, and another dish was filled with sliced pineapple which the cook had cut up the night before and sprinkled with sugar. The apple was fully ripe, so it was juicy and delicious. One of the flamboyages had been dressed and made into an excellent stew, and there was another omelet from the remaining turtle eggs. Then there was a plate of fresh cassava biscuits, made from the manioc root, which one of the sailors had gathered in large quantities on the island. These he had carefully grated, and then dried the flour-like substance, after first pressing out all the poisonous juice. The natives of tropical countries, where it grows, are very fond of the bread made from this root, and it is said to be pleasant to the taste and very nourishing.

The boys gathered about the table in gay spirits, feeling as independent as kings. There was the cool milk of the coconut for them to drink, and they did not want anything better. Everything upon the table, excepting butter and the pepper and salt used for seasoning, had been gathered from the island. Yet they were sure that they could not have had a breakfast at home that they would have enjoyed so much.

Breakfast over, they all went up on deck. The top of the ship's masts looked as if they were tipped with gold, and there was a long golden lane of light across the water to the east. The amber disc of the sun was rising above the sea. Within the lagoon the water stirred only in slight ripples upon the beach. In the trees were many tropic birds. Among them the boys caught sight of a number of beautiful green parrots, some of which they determined to capture as soon as they had opportunity. They saw, also, with his broad wings spread, a royal vulture, with a circle of brilliant feathers about his neck.

The sun was up but a little way when their boat pushed off from the ship. The boys took with them a half-dozen rifles and plenty of ammunition. José Morello, a bright Spanish lad, who handled the rita with dexterous skill, took care to take one along with him. Tom said that was worth a good deal more to José than a rifle would be, or even another pair of arms.

There was scarce a sound to be heard, aside from the regular dip of their oars, as the boat glided over the water. The boys were silent for a time in their enjoyment of the beautiful morning. The air was cool and balmy. Not a cloud was in the sky. A little way back from the shores the land looked like a tropical garden. The palm trees stood in clusters, and in the cocoanut groves groups of monkeys could be seen in the boughs. As they neared the projecting point of the island, they saw a long line of penguins upon the shore. The boys were much amped in watching them as they waddled about on their short legs, looking in the distance like a lot of little children just beginning to walk.

An hour after they left the ship they came to a place where a broad and rather shallow creek emptied into the lagoon. Along the muddy shores of the creek's mouth they espied several Mangrove hens, with olive brown and black plumage. George, who was fond of a good dinner, called the attention of his companions to these fowls, and told them what a delicacy their flesh was considered.

"Much obliged, Professor," said Tom. "Now, boys, bring out your rifles and let us see if we can't kill a hen or two for to-morrow's dinner."

The boys needed no second bidding from Tom, and they, took steady aim and fired, killing four hens. The boat was rowed to the beach, and the hens gathered up and tossed into it. After the echoes from the guns had died away a number of birds lit upon the boughs of one of the nearest trees, and the "professors" at once recognized them, from their soft, melodious songs, as merry little Redstarts.

George was very anxious to capture one or two of them, for he said that when caged they become very tame, and have as many notes as a mocking-bird. "Uncle Henry, you know, is a great traveler, and he once brought home one of these birds. It was quite tame, and he had taught it a tune which it sang perfectly. It was the liveliest-mannered bird I ever knew," said George.

Looking about them a little, George and Will found some fine specimens of the river crab. They had crept up along the long grass, and the boys laughed heartily to see them cut its blades with their sharp pincers, and then waddle off with their tiny bundles as quickly as their sidelong pace would allow.

"There's a bird as is a bird," cried Tom, suddenly, looking away to his right. "What do you call that, Professor?" he asked, turning to George.

Looking in the direction indicated by Tom's outstretched finger, George saw a great bird swooping along near the surface of the water. The spread of its huge wings was not less than twelve feet. It was evidently in pursuit of some flying fish. Its long, narrow wings appeared to be almost motionless, and it seemed to float through the air like down borne along by the wind. Its plumage was mostly white, but the upper part was dusky, and some of the features of the wings and back were black.

After eying it closely for a moment, George said it was an albatross. "It has evidently been making a glutton of itself," he added, as the great bird dropped down to the water and sat motionless upon it. "I have read that it is very voracious. It lives on fish and mollusca, but it would not refuse a dead whale, if it had a chance at one."

"How big is its egg?" inquired Tom. "It's about four inches long, white, and spotted at the larger end. The egg is edible, though the flesh of the bird is said to be unpalatable."

"I have read," said Will Horton, "that the people of Kamtschatka catch the albatross with baited hooks, and blow up their entrails for food to their nets, and make tobacco pipes and various domestic articles of their wing-bones; so you see that they may be made useful in that way."

"I don't think much of their usefulness in the shape of tobacco pipes. Smoking is a horrid habit," said many Tom.

José Morello blushed a little at this, for he was fond of a good cigarette, and he had smoked them ever since he could remember. But he did not say anything, as he knew that Tom did not have him in mind when he spoke. Then, he thought to himself, smoking is a nasty habit, and I'll try to break myself of it. What clean, sweet breath all these boys have. Every one of my cigarettes shall go overboard when I get back to the ship.

The boys wandered about for an hour or two on this part of the island. Here they found some fine specimens of the sago palm, and Tom said that on the morrow they would come back with the boat and bring two of the sailors with them, and he would have them cut down some of these tall palms and extract the pith from their trunks. He thought a good supply of sago would add much to the ship's stores.

All of our young adventurers were wonderfully charmed with everything that they saw here. The brilliant birds, the bright flowers and the tall trees made a scene of rare beauty. They penetrated the grove, and beyond it they saw a slight eminence, which they climbed. From this point, looking southward, they perceived, lying far over the water, another island, and coming toward them from its shores what appeared to be a fleet of canoes, filled with naked and dusky savages.

They could see the gleam of their paddles, as they were lifted from the water, and the boats appeared to be making directly for the island.

[To be continued.]

I have received the following good letter, which I am going to let the TIMES-MIRROR boys and girls share with me. I am sure that they will all be interested in knowing what one of their number is doing:

UNIVERSITY PLACE, March 12, 1887.
Dear Mrs. Otis: I am a boy 13 years old, formerly of Ohio. My grandma knew Col. Otis there when she was a little girl. I am going to be an editor. Papa gave me a Caxton press for a Christmas gift, and I am printing a weekly paper called "The Sun." I inclose you a copy. I cut the heading myself out of a piece of wood. I like THE TIMES, especially the "Boys and Girls' Column." Yours respectfully,

CHARLIE LLOYD.

I think that you would all be pleased to see the paper that Charlie is printing. It is not as big as THE TIMES or MIRROR, but it publishes a good deal of news and other reading matter. It is published every Saturday. The subscription price is five cents per month, or fifty cents a year, in advance. Last week's number contains the first chapter of a serial story, entitled: "Eddie and Bonnie." The author writes under the nom de plume of Eddie. What is his real name is I do not know. Many of my boys and girls will subscribe for this young editor's paper— "The Sun," I hope. "The Sun" will grow big and great, and shine for us all as Charlie grows older. E. A. O.

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

I.—CHARADE.
Find in my first controlling power, of any great design; A weight on people's shoulders found—

—A second embrace this great earth—
On every side 'tis seen;

—'Tis of much benefit to man,
Some trouble too, I ween.

My whale will oft annoy a ship
With an opposing force,

Retarding her long on the way,

And much against her course.

S. E. D.

II.—BLANKS.
Add one letter to the word supplying the first blank and that will supply the second.

1. My — are somewhere in the —.

2. Do you suppose that women — in —?

3. I saw a boy with — feet rowing the —.

4. He hurt his — with the rusty —.

5. She stood on the — while she cut up the — for dinner.

6. — is the price of — today, in the Western markets.

E. V. A.

III.—WORD-SQUARE.

1. To be economical.

2. A Latin verb in the third person singular.

3. Immense.

4. A girl's name.

TEXAS.

IV.—WORD-DISSECTION.

1. Take a preposition from a very small particle, and leave a word denoting existence.

2. Take a busy little insect (curtailed to scold, and leave degree.

3. Take a word from a tale, and leave a pair of pigs.

4. Take a word of negation from unable, and leave a receptacle for holding liquids.

5. Take a preposition from something used in browning bread, and leave a flower.

6. Take an auxiliary verb from to beat, and leave a word.

7. Take a word used to designate some particular object from a straw-covered roof, and leave an abbreviation for a certain kind of public building.

8. Take an auxiliary verb from dried fruit used in cooking, and leave falling water.

9. Take an article from a topic, and leave myself.

10. Take an interrogation from asked, and leave a boy's nickname.

The removed words form a quotation from RACHEL.

V.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In barn, not in bog;

In flatter, not in keg;

In six, not in two;

In plate, not in bowl;

In bun, not in roll;

In ride, not in walk;

In chatter, not in talk;

In warn, not in cold;

Whole's an ancient warrior bold.

E. V. A.

Answers to Puzzles of Last Week.

1. Wintertime.

2. A L G E B R A

L A U R E T

G U A R D

E R R S

B E D

R T

A

3. James Russell Lowell.

4. Rabbit.

5. S E L E V E N

6. 1. Starling; 2. starling; 3. wistar; 4. starvation; 5. starch.

7. 1. Rabid; 2. said; 3. grain; 4. dead, rear. Removed letters—Bird.

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HENRY WARD BEECHER

JOE HOWARD'S REMINISCENCES OF THE GREAT DIVINE.

His Early History—His Anti-Slavery Strategies—His Opinions of Leading Americans—Many Interesting Facts—Personal Points.

Joe Howard, the journalist, contributes to the Kansas City Journal some very interesting reminiscences of Henry Ward Beecher, and among them are the following, relating mostly to his anti-slavery experiences and his ideas of public men. He gives the incidents attending one of the first appearances of Mr. Beecher in New York city. It was at a great indignation meeting called in Broadway Tabernacle to protest against the abusive treatment which Charles Sumner had suffered at the hands of Brooks of South Carolina. Mr. Evarts presided, and John Van Buren, Daniel Lord, Jr., and other great conservative men of New York were on the platform. Mr. Howard says:

"The tabernacle was packed to suffocation, but little by little we edged in, and I, separated from the others, worked my way up toward the reporters' table, where sat two young men whom I knew, Ned Underhill, now the accomplished stenographer of our Surrogate Court, and Theodore Tilton, the dirty dog of Brooklyn infamy. The meeting went along very well. Evarts was philosophical and imperturbable. Lord was dignified and perfunctory, and John Van Buren was courtliness personified.

"But the meeting was rather stupid.

"Why don't you call out Beecher?" said I to Underhill.

"Good idea," said he. "You go over there and call out Beecher, and I will call out here."

"So will I," said Tilton.

Presently a shrill voice was heard: "Beecher! Beecher!" Ned Underhill's clear-cut enunciation followed— "Beecher! Beecher!"—and Theodore Tilton's falsetto, taking up the cry, rang over the startled audience.

"Beecher!" The presiding officer, Mr. Evarts, advanced to the edge of the platform and said: "We should be very glad, indeed, if it were possible, to hear from the eloquent divine whose name has been called, but, unfortunately, he is lecturing this evening in Philadelphia."

"No, he isn't," yelled I. "There he is behind the pillar. Beecher! Beecher!"

The crowd took up the call, and the assemblage was in a moment tumultuous. Mr. Evarts adjourned the meeting, put on his overcoat, turned his back and stalked off, followed by Mr. Lord, while the crowd, to some of whom Beecher's face was familiar, literally pushed the young Westerner upon the platform.

Then came the test of gentle birth and breeding.

Prince John Van Buren, whose hat was in his hand, in readiness to follow the other gentlemen of note from the platform, as vice-president of the meeting, felt himself the host, and with a gallantry characteristic of him and a grace that was all his own, inherited from his courtly father, smilingly advanced, and with extreme courtesy took Mr. Beecher by the hand, and, leading him to the front, said: "Gentleman, I take pleasure in presenting to you Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, of Brooklyn."

Well, you ought to have been there. For five minutes the uproar was deafening.

With a wave of his hand Beecher quelled the noise and began to talk. "Go on! Go on!" saluted him whenever he proposed to stop. For three-quarters of an hour his voice rang about that hall with an eloquence that even it was a stranger.

What was the result?

The next morning's papers gave a paragraph to Lord, Evarts, Van Buren and company, and printed Beecher's speech verbatim.

Upon Mr. Beecher's seventieth birthday, Mr. Howard called on him at his magnificent country home, and Mr. Beecher told of his anti-slavery work and the great men he had known. The question was asked—

"When did you first speak, and on what subject?"

"A little after 1830, when I was in Amherst College. My father, Lyman Beecher, was an enthusiastic colonizationist then. I belonged to the Athenian Society in college, and one of our early debates turned on the Colonial society. Garrison had begun to attack that society, and, knowing that my father was a colonizationist, I naturally would have sided that way, but in the distribution of parts I was drafted to attack that society and defend Garrison, or the anti-slavery movement. I had very able men on the other side. Well, when I came to think the matter over, I found myself drawn, not as a mere debater, but sympathetically and with convictions on the anti-slavery side; and I read up on it, and studied it all around, and when I came to make my speech, made a strong one on that side. That gave me my first impulse in that direction, and it was one that remained permanent and grew deeper and stronger to the end of my life.

After I left college I went immediately to Cincinnati, in the fall of 1834. When I was in Cincinnati, Charles Hammond was the editor of the Cincinnati Gazette, one of the ablest men in the West, and the Cincinnati Gazette was by all odds—head and shoulder—the leading newspaper. Henry Clay used before any important movement to consult with Charles Hammond.

"Did you ever meet Henry Clay and hear him speak?"

"Yes. I thought he was the dullest old fellow I ever heard. It was at a barbecue in Indianapolis. He was jaded and tired. He was not wound up, and had nobody to stick a pin in him."

"Do you think he was an eloquent man?"

"Yes; if you take in his personal magnetism, and the adaptation of himself to the currents of thoughts and feelings that were existing. Henry Clay was not a man that out of his

own day was or ever will be so great as he was in his own age."

"He was not as great a man as Webster?"

"No, not as Calhoun, but a man that made passionate friends, and a natural born leader of men."

"Magnetic?"

"To the last degree, and he had all the intuitions and that union of affection, blandishment and indignation and threat to him. He could strike or he could caress, and with either was very powerful."

"You adhered to your anti-slavery sentiment in the West?"

"Yes, although I saw that to do so was exceedingly unpopular in Cincinnati, it would alienate everybody that I knew there, and that, among other reasons, confirmed me in my tendencies, because I have always had a kind of irresistible impulse to defend the weak, especially when I saw they were trodden down by men of influence and power; to throw myself into the rescue of the wronged was as strong in me as life itself."

"So, when the mob rose in Cincinnati and destroyed Dr. Bailey's newspaper—Bailey was afterwards editor of the New Era in Washington in which Mrs. Stowe's 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' appeared—when the mob rose and broke in and scattered his type, dragged his press down the main street and threw it into the Ohio River; and once again the riotous spirit foamed over, and they threatened to shoot down the colored people in Cincinnati, and had got to that point that the mayor called for special policemen to protect the city and negro quarters, I was sworn in as a special policeman, and I patrolled the streets for two nights, armed to the teeth, to defend the negroes. In the General Assembly, who had gone to the General Assembly in Philadelphia, I had taken the Cincinnati Journal, the Presbyterian religious New School paper, and was editing it. In this paper I attacked this mob, spirit, and with such vehemence that Charles Hammond put the whole article into the Cincinnati Gazette. That was all along the line of anti-slavery impulse. I then went to Lawrenceburg, twenty miles below Cincinnati, which has this last winter been drowned out by the terrible flood. There was a Presbyterian church there that would seat 150 people. There were twenty members— one man and the rest women. With the exception of two every one was dependent for her livelihood on her earnings."

His salary here was four hundred dollars. He goes on to relate how the Presbyterian church, of which he was then a minister, acted on the subject of slavery North and South. The churches were directed to preach once each year on the subject of slavery. About 1840-41 Mr. Beecher removed to Indianapolis and tells how he complied with the behests of the church and with the result that he finally proceeded to Brooklyn. He says: "I waited until the United States Federal Court came there with Judge McLean as the presiding judge, and when all of our State Courts, Supreme Court and Circuit Court were in session and the Legislature was convened—so that all lawyers and public officers, men of every kind, thronged the city—to announce that I should preach on slavery. In the morning I discussed the nature of Hebrew slavery and the way in which it ceased. In the afternoon I preached on American slavery and the duty of the American church on that subject. Well, you may depend it was a bomb thrown, and they went streaming back to the hotel, and when they sat down to dinner some one said: 'Judge McLean, what do you think of this?'" Well, said he, "I think if every minister in the United States would be as faithful, it would be a great advance in settling this question." Well, that settled it. It gave the cue, and the lawyers, on the whole, sympathized, and the members of the Legislature, and the consequence was that I had preached two flaming sermons, with no reaction, by a judicious adaptation to times and circumstances. I suppose that was the first anti-slavery sermon that was ever preached in the capital of Indiana."

He himself says that this had much to do with the reputation which preceded him to Brooklyn, where he soon after went to accept the pastorate of Plymouth Church. In his first sermon he gave his views on slavery, temperance, war and peace, and told his congregation that he did not intend to be silent or prudentially dumb on these subjects in future. He soon became well known on anti-slavery subjects, and his "Star Papers" for the Independent were pronounced in that respect. When Clay's Omnibus Bill came up he attacked it strongly, and he tells this incident of the black-list of those days:

"It was about this time—1850—that the black-list was made in that Castle Garden union safety committee, and connected with that was a black-list that was gotten up of all the merchants that were anti-slavery. It was to be sent all over the South to destroy their custom. Mr. Bowen was, of course, included in that black-list, and threatened with the loss of all his southern custom. He came to me and asked me if I would write a card for him, and I undertook to do it, but my head not running very clear, the only thing I got at, after making three or four different attempts, was: 'My goods are for sale, but not my principles;' but I could not lick it into shape, and I gave the paper to him and said: 'You must fix it to suit yourself.' He took it to Hiram Barney, and he drew up the card in the shape in which it appeared, including that sentence, which was the snap of the whole thing."

Of his work in the early days of the Republican party, he says:

"Then came the bolt of the elder Van Buren and the Buffalo meeting and platform, which was anti-slavery, and that was really the originating cause of the Republican party. The materials were beginning to coalesce which constituted the Republican movement, and in 1856 Fremont was nominated before any important movement to consult with Charles Hammond.

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"So, when the mob rose in Cincinnati and destroyed Dr. Bailey's newspaper—Bailey was afterwards editor of the New Era in Washington in which Mrs. Stowe's 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' appeared—when the mob rose and broke in and scattered his type, dragged his press down the main street and threw it into the Ohio River; and once again the riotous spirit foamed over, and they threatened to shoot down the colored people in Cincinnati, and had got to that point that the mayor called for special policemen to protect the city and negro quarters, I was sworn in as a special policeman, and I patrolled the streets for two nights, armed to the teeth, to defend the negroes. In the General Assembly, who had gone to the General Assembly in Philadelphia, I had taken the Cincinnati Journal, the Presbyterian religious New School paper, and was editing it. In this paper I attacked this mob, spirit, and with such vehemence that Charles Hammond put the whole article into the Cincinnati Gazette. That was all along the line of anti-slavery impulse. I then went to Lawrenceburg, twenty miles below Cincinnati, which has this last winter been drowned out by the terrible flood. There was a Presbyterian church there that would seat 150 people. There were twenty members— one man and the rest women. With the exception of two every one was dependent for her livelihood on her earnings."

His salary here was four hundred dollars. He goes on to relate how the Presbyterian church, of which he was then a minister, acted on the subject of slavery North and South. The churches were directed to preach once each year on the subject of slavery. About 1840-41 Mr. Beecher removed to Indianapolis and tells how he complied with the behests of the church and with the result that he finally proceeded to Brooklyn. He says: "I waited until the United States Federal Court came there with Judge McLean as the presiding judge, and when all of our State Courts, Supreme Court and Circuit Court were in session and the Legislature was convened—so that all lawyers and public officers, men of every kind, thronged the city—to announce that I should preach on slavery. In the morning I discussed the nature of Hebrew slavery and the way in which it ceased. In the afternoon I preached on American slavery and the duty of the American church on that subject. Well, you may depend it was a bomb thrown, and they went streaming back to the hotel, and when they sat down to dinner some one said: 'Judge McLean, what do you think of this?'" Well, said he, "I think if every minister in the United States would be as faithful, it would be a great advance in settling this question." Well, that settled it. It gave the cue, and the lawyers, on the whole, sympathized, and the members of the Legislature, and the consequence was that I had preached two flaming sermons, with no reaction, by a judicious adaptation to times and circumstances. I suppose that was the first anti-slavery sermon that was ever preached in the capital of Indiana."

He himself says that this had much to do with the reputation which preceded him to Brooklyn, where he soon after went to accept the pastorate of Plymouth Church. In his first sermon he gave his views on slavery, temperance, war and peace, and told his congregation that he did not intend to be silent or prudentially dumb on these subjects in future. He soon became well known on anti-slavery subjects, and his "Star Papers" for the Independent were pronounced in that respect. When Clay's Omnibus Bill came up he attacked it strongly, and he tells this incident of the black-list of those days:

"It was about this time—1850—that the black-list was made in that Castle Garden union safety committee, and connected with that was a black-list that was gotten up of all the merchants that were anti-slavery. It was to be sent all over the South to destroy their custom. Mr. Bowen was, of course, included in that black-list, and threatened with the loss of all his southern custom. He came to me and asked me if I would write a card for him, and I undertook to do it, but my head not running very clear, the only thing I got at, after making three or four different attempts, was: 'My goods are for sale, but not my principles;' but I could not lick it into shape, and I gave the paper to him and said: 'You must fix it to suit yourself.' He took it to Hiram Barney, and he drew up the card in the shape in which it appeared, including that sentence, which was the snap of the whole thing."

Of his work in the early days of the Republican party, he says:

"Then came the bolt of the elder Van Buren and the Buffalo meeting and platform, which was anti-slavery, and that was really the originating cause of the Republican party. The materials were beginning to coalesce which constituted the Republican movement, and in 1856 Fremont was nominated before any important movement to consult with Charles Hammond.

"Did you ever meet Henry Clay and hear him speak?"

"Yes. I thought he was the dullest old fellow I ever heard. It was at a barbecue in Indianapolis. He was jaded and tired. He was not wound up, and had nobody to stick a pin in him."

"Do you think he was an eloquent man?"

"Yes; if you take in his personal magnetism, and the adaptation of himself to the currents of thoughts and feelings that were existing. Henry Clay was not a man that out of his

own day was or ever will be so great as he was in his own age."

"He was not as great a man as Webster?"

"No, not as Calhoun, but a man that made passionate friends, and a natural born leader of men."

"Magnetic?"

"To the last degree, and he had all the intuitions and that union of affection, blandishment and indignation and threat to him. He could strike or he could caress, and with either was very powerful."

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GRANT IN PEACE.

RELATIONS OF GEN. GRANT AND PRESIDENT ARTHUR.

The Chicago Convention—How Arthur at First Deferred to Grant and then Declined to Accept His Suggestions—Interesting Facts.

By GEN. ADAM BADEAU.

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Grant's first important relations with Arthur were in 1871, when he appointed the friend of Conkling Collector of the Port of New York. Arthur was retained in his position during the subsequent years of Grant's two administrations, and was always a warm and faithful supporter of his chief. There was, however, no approach to intimacy, personal or political, between them at this time. The Collector was too far off from the President for the idea to occur to either.

In 1880, Arthur went to Chicago a fervent admirer of Grant, and was steadfast under Conkling's lead in the advocacy of that third term. When Garfield was nominated the Vice-Presidential place on the ticket was tendered to him as a sort of propitiatory reparation to Conkling. The nomination for the Presidency had itself been suggested for Conkling by some who were willing to support him, though they would not accept Grant; but Conkling declared that he had gone to the convention to nominate Grant, and that rather than receive the prize he was pledged to obtain for another he would cut his right arm from his body. Arthur, however, stood in a different relation to Grant, and there was no reason why he should not accept the nomination.

Grant found no fault with the candidate, though like everybody else at the time he had no idea that Arthur was especially fitted for the second position in the country; but there seemed no probability that his abilities would be especially tested; and when Grant gave in his adhesion to the ticket, he accepted Arthur as willingly as he did Garfield. Neither was in any way personally objectionable to him. He at once treated Arthur with all the consideration due to a candidate for the Vice-Presidency; he had certain regard for official position not unnatural in one who had held so many important places himself, and of late years had passed so much of his time with personages of high political consequence.

During the campaign I chanced to enter Delmonico's cafe one evening with Jesse Grant, and found the candidate for the Vice-Presidency sitting at one of the tables. It was the first time either of us had met him since his nomination, and we went up to congratulate him. I remember that he said to Jesse: "I wish you would tell your father that I went to Chicago to work for his nomination. I was a Grant man, and a third-term man, to the last; and whatever occurred there was no compensation to me for my disappointment." He was doubtless sincere at the time; but he felt fully compensated afterward, and quite forgot his disappointment, as probably any other human being would have done in his place.

Arthur was in complete accord with Grant and Conkling in their dispute with Garfield, and even took a more conspicuous part than Grant in the struggle, visiting Albany, as is well known, to aid in the reelection of Conkling, and incurring the severest criticism of Garfield's supporters. The ex-President and the Vice-President did not meet very often in the months succeeding Garfield's inauguration, but they held frequent correspondence, not indeed by letter, but by messages through important or intimate friends. Their political relations at this juncture were closer than ever, and Grant felt a warmer regard and a higher admiration for his former subordinate after Arthur became Vice-President, than he had supposed he could entertain.

When the assassination of Garfield was made complete by his death, Grant met Arthur at the funeral; the whilom custom-house collector was now the head of the nation, and preceded the ex-President in the procession that followed Garfield's remains. Almost immediately afterward they were traveling together, either in the train returning from the burial at Cleveland, or on some occasion before Arthur had taken any steps of importance in his new situation. General Grant told me repeatedly of their conversations. He said that Arthur especially asked his advice and assistance in the composition of his cabinet, and it was at Grant's suggestion that Mr. Frelinghuysen was selected as Secretary of State. Gen. Grant also strongly urged Gov. Morgan for Secretary of the Treasury, and that nomination was also made. But Morgan declined the appointment, and then Grant suggested the name of John Jacob Astor. I was at his house on the evening of October 25, 1881, conversing about the situation after the family had gone to bed, and I mentioned the return of Mr. Astor, who had come over in the same ship with me from England a week or two before. Grant at once said that Astor would be an excellent man for the Treasury, especially in the crisis created by Morgan's refusal to serve, and that night he sent this dispatch to the President:

"Astor has returned from Europe. Might not he accept temporarily?" When a day or two afterward he told Mr. Astor of this action, that gentleman was greatly surprised, but while expressing his gratification at Gen. Grant's good opinion, he declared that he had no desire to enter the Cabinet. The recommendation was not taken, and Mr. Folger was eventually appointed Secretary of the Treasury, a selection which, at the time, was entirely acceptable to Gen. Grant, although afterward Folger became so hostile as to order Grant's picture taken down from his room in the Treasury. Just here it may not be amiss to say that Gen. Grant also recommended Mr. Astor for the position of Minister to England, but Arthur preferred to retain Mr. Lowell, who had been one of his most caustic critics and outspoken opponents.

These suggestions were all made at the instance and invitation of the President, but after a while Mr. Arthur ceased to defer to Gen. Grant or to desire his advice. He did not refuse to listen to him, but he seldom followed

his counsel after the first months of his administration. It was not unnatural that the man who had become Chief Magistrate should think himself fully capable of all his duties, and prefer, after a very short trial, to carry out his own ideas and follow his own purposes. The change, indeed, was almost inevitable from the follower—suddenly elevated to so dizzy a height and at first willing to be counseled and guided by one he had so long looked up to as chief—to an chief to his own potentialities, distributing offices and emoluments and honors, and able to grant favors or refuse them to the very man who had once benefited and promoted him. It was perhaps just as natural that the other should mark the change and feel it acutely, and should find a bearing more impudent than was necessary or appropriate to the new President toward the old. Their relations very soon became strained.

Nevertheless, Grant was invited to pay a visit to the Executive Mansion, and the first winter of Arthur's Presidency he returned as a guest to the house from which he once directed the affairs of the Nation, and issued the commission of Collector to Chester A. Arthur, of New York. The circumstances could hardly have been without a disagreeable suggestion now, and Arthur had not the tact to disguise it. He maintained all the consequence that once had been Grant's, but was now his own, and more than once his etiquette made the ex-President remember the change in their positions. Grant's situation was in different ways unpleasant at this time. He had several especial requests to make of the President in regard to Cabinet appointments, foreign missions and other matters of importance, but besides this he was best during all the period of his visit by office hunters without consequence or intimacy, who were anxious to use what they supposed his influence with Arthur in their own behalf. Army officers, personal friends, old political adherents, needy relatives, all came to him. It was impossible to do a tithing of what they asked, but their importunities forced him to say more than he wished to Arthur. Doubtless this increased the delicacy of his relations with the President, till Arthur positively evaded the company of his guest, and the visit terminated with a less degree of cordiality on either side than had existed at the beginning.

The change in their feelings, however, was not purely personal; it soon became evident that Mr. Arthur did not intend, as President, to hold the same relations he had once maintained, not only with Grant and Conkling, but with the wing of the party which they led. For this change the other side, of course, applauded, but it was not to be supposed that the approbation could extend to those who thought themselves deserted. What was called impartiality by some, seemed to others abandonment of principle; and when Arthur, the third-term advocate, called into his cabinet William E. Chandler, the man who had done most at Chicago to defeat the third term, the climax at this selection was greater because he had recommended his personal friend, Gen. Beale, for the place. But his recommendations by this time had ceased to carry any weight with the President.

As early as February 16, 1882, Grant wrote to me: "To this time the President has seemed averse to making any removals, no matter how offensive the parties in place have been to him and his friends. I hope this will not continue." On the 23d day of February, 1884, he wrote to me in regard to the President: "He seems more afraid of his enemies, and through this fear influenced by them, than guided either by his judgment, personal feelings or friendly influences. I hope he will prove me wrong in this judgment." The month went on, and the time for Presidential nominations approached. On the 24th of December, 1883, Grant wrote to me: "It is now understood that there is no concealment of Mr. Arthur's candidacy. At this time no other person turns up, so that unless there is a change within the next sixty days he will be renominated without much opposition. I feel, however, that he will not get the nomination, although it is impossible to predict who may." On the 30th of March, 1884, he wrote: "The President is now openly a candidate for the nomination in June next, and knows well that I am opposed to it." In the same letter he said: "Judging from the past, I doubt much whether any appointments will be made until after the action of the Chicago convention, in June, is made. There are now many vacancies existing, some of which have existed for a year and over, and among them very important offices, of which no nominations have yet been sent to the Senate—offices such as Judges of United States Courts for the States and Territories, United States Marshals, etc., which must cause great inconvenience to the public service and the States and Territories where these vacancies exist."

On the 8th of April, in the same year, he wrote to me from Wisconsin: "The administration has seemed to me to be a sort of ad interim one, endeavoring to offend no one, and to avoid positive action which would draw criticism. Probably the administration has fewer enemies outspoken than any preceding one, than any except Hayes's, probably. But Arthur will probably go into the convention second in the number of supporters, when he would not probably have a single vote if it was not for his army of officials and the vacancies he has to fill."

Arthur was not nominated, and I cannot recollect that Grant ever met him again. They had, however, one other difference which increased the bitterness of Grant's feeling. In 1883 Gen. Grant came to the conclusion that, as President, he had done Fitz-John Porter a wrong in not allowing him a second trial; he accordingly set himself to studying the papers, and, after careful examination, became convinced that Porter was innocent of the charge of which he had been convicted. He at once determined to do whatever he could to right the wrong he thought he had helped to inflict. His course is well known. He risked the friendship of Logan, and incurred the disapproval of many of his closest political and military associates; but he persisted in what he had undertaken, and, doubtless, his efforts contributed largely to the reversal of Porter's sentence, which was finally accomplished. Then the effort was made to restore Porter to the army, and a bill passed both houses

of Congress authorizing the President to replace him in his former rank. Grant took the liveliest interest in this effort, writing in its favor in the public press and addressing the President in person on the subject, as well as members of the Cabinet. But Arthur vetoed the bill on the ground that his dignity was infringed by the action of Congress in designating a person by name whom he was to appoint. Grant was extremely disappointed, and criticized both the action and the motives of the President with severity.

Soon after this followed Grant's financial disasters, and a bill was introduced in Congress to restore him to his former rank in the army, but Mr. Arthur made it known that he should oppose the measure on the same grounds on which he had vetoed the bill restoring Fitz-John Porter. Gen. Grant was much incensed at this action on the part of the President; he said that he had not been court-martialed, and his remarks upon the dignity that Arthur was so anxious to protect were not complimentary to the Chief Magistrate. Nevertheless, Arthur had no desire to prevent Grant's restoration to the army, of which he had so long been the head; he simply was more anxious to preserve his own consistency than to relieve the mortification or retrieve the misfortunes of the dying hero.

After this long wrangle and a delay of months, Congress and the President came to terms, and a bill was passed which gave Arthur the right to name whom he chose for the position of retired General of the Army. This was signed by the President in the last hours of the expiring Congress, and the nomination of Grant was the closing act of Arthur's official existence; but it came too late to relieve the anxieties of the suffering soldier, and it was so long deferred that the new commission was signed by Cleveland.

Arthur and Cleveland both attended

the funeral of their great predecessor; and, as in so many instances Grant had followed to the tomb those whom he had opposed in life, it was now his turn to be borne before the soldiers he had conquered, and the politicians whose principles he had contested or whose career he had disapproved.

ADAM BADEAU.

THE FETTERS REMOVED.

Death of an Enemy of the Freedom of the Southwestern Press.

[Buckshot Shoal (Ark.) Weekly Maul and Wedge.]

Jim Beasley, the man who has for several years made the newspaper business uncomfortable, not to say dangerous, in this flourishing city, is dead. He was a man of peculiar disposition, and was a sort of censor of the press. He never gave instructions beforehand as regards what would please or displease him, but shortly after the paper was published, should anything in it offend him, he would come around and make his presence exceedingly disagreeable. Jim was a very capricious man. Sometimes he would excuse the broadest sort of statement; frequently he would become enraged at the merest trifle. He did not like humor, and was not an admirer of the pathetic. One time we wrote a joke about a fellow whose oxen ran away, having scented water while thirsty, and tumbled off a bluff. The item was very laughable, but Mr. Beasley did not laugh. He came to our office and told us that any man who would make fun of a yoke of poor, unfortunate oxen ought to be kicked. Then Mr. Beasley kicked us. We are not a man to take the hatter off our own passions and let them gallop unrestrained; so we said nothing. We are not a fool. We know that it stood us well in hand to keep on the good side of Mr. Beasley, and looked out for an opportunity of attempting to please him. The opportunity came in the death of an old man. We wrote a pathetic article, and when the paper had been sent out we, in a satisfied condition of mind, sat down and waited for Mr. Beasley to come around and congratulate us. He came, but did not congratulate. He said that anybody that would slobber over the death of an old skinned-out who ought to have died years ago needed kicking. Then Mr. Beasley kicked us. These incidents are given merely to show how difficult it has been satisfactorily run a newspaper in this city, and to illustrate what a relief it must be to us to announce that Mr. Beasley is dead. He died slowly, and with marked reluctance, but he is no more, and it gives us pleasure to announce that the Maul and Wedge will hereafter be a fearless journal. Our fetters are removed.

UNAWARES.

We were sitting, after waltzing, on the stairs. He, before I could forbid it, stole a ring, and I missed it. And, to render it more difficult, he kissed it, swiftly in his pocket hid it, Unaware.

We were talking, after waltzing, on the stairs. I had said that he should rue it, and a lecture I intended, which I think he apprehended. It was kissed before I knew it, Unaware.

We were silent, after waltzing, on the stairs.

I had stormed with angry feeling, but he spoke low, never heeding, and my eyes fell neath his pleading, and my depth of love revealing.

Unaware. —[Boston Courier.]

A Hen Who Went Out on Strike.

To the editor of the Transcript: In a volume of Carlyle's essays I came across the following fable, which seems to me so applicable to the strikes of the present time that I think you may like to reprint it: "It is I that support this household," said a hen one day to herself, "the master cannot breakfast without an egg, for he is dyspeptic and would die, and it is I that lay it. And here is this ugly poodle, doing nothing earthly and gets thrice the victuals I do, and is caressed all day. By the lock of Minerva, they shall give me a double portion of oats, or they have eaten their last egg."

But much as she cackled and creaked, the scullion would not give her an extra grain, whereupon, in dudgeon, she hid her next egg in the dunghill, and did nothing but cackle and creak all day. The scullion suffered her for a week, then (by order) drew her neck and purchased other eggs at sixpence the dozen. "Man, why frettest thou and whinest thou? This blockhead is happier than thou, and still a blockhead. Ah, sure enough, thy wages are too low. Wilt thou strike work with Providence, then, and force Him to an alternative? Believe it, He will do without thee. Ill'y a point d'homme nécessaire."

BANKS.

FARMERS AND MERCHANTS' BANK
OF LOS ANGELES.
ESTABLISHED IN 1864.

Capital	\$200,000
Surplus and Reserve Fund	\$50,000
Total	\$250,000

IMASAS W. HELLMAN, President
L. C. GOODWIN, Vice-President
JOHN C. WILHELM, Secretary
T. C. BROWN, Director
IMASAS W. HELLMAN, John S. Griffin,
G. W. Childs, C. E. Thom,
J. H. Garrison, J. B. Langershaw,
C. W. W. Jones, John M. Jones
Exchange for Sale on New York, London
Frankfort, Dublin, Paris and Berlin. To receive Deposits and issue their Certificates
Buy and Sell Governments, State, County
and City Bonds.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

OF LOS ANGELES.

LOS ANGELES NATIONAL BANK

UNITED STATES DEPOSITORY.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA NATIONAL BANK

PAID IN CAPITAL. \$100,000

NADEAU BLOCK.

DIRECTORS:

L. N. BREED, H. T. NEWELL, H. A. BAROLAY,
CHARLES DAY, ALEX. PENNEY, M. GRAHAM,
E. C. BOYNTON, H. M. HANSON, F. R. RADER,
W. F. BOYNTON, H. L. HOLMAN, E. C. BOYNTON,
L. N. BREED, H. T. NEWELL, W. F. BOYNTON,
CHARLES DAY, H. A. BAROLAY, HENRY W. WADDELL,
D. M. GRAHAM, FRANK RADER, E. C. BOYNTON,
JNO. I. REDICK, ALEX. PENNEY, M. HAGAN,
H. T. NEWELL, WM. COLLIER, MRS. E. R. SULLIVAN,
M. S. NEWELL, WM. L. MILLARD, J. R. MILLARD,
W. F. BOYNTON, H. T. NEWELL.

LOS ANGELES SAVINGS BANK.

NO. 130 NORTH MAIN ST.

CAPITAL, \$100,000

PRESIDENT, J. O. GOODWIN

SECRETARY, J. V. WAGTEL

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:

IMASAS E. F. SPENCE, ROBERT S. BAKER, JOHN E. PLATER, JOHN A. PAXTON, L. C. GOODWIN.

TERM Deposits will be received in sums of one hundred dollars and over. Ordinary deposits in ten dollars and over. Money to loan on first-class security.

LOS ANGELES, July 1, 1884.

LOS ANGELES COUNTY BANK,

MAIN ST., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

CAPITAL STOCK (PAID UP). \$100,000

RESERVE FUND. \$10,000

PRESIDENT, J. O. GOODWIN

VICE-PRESIDENT, G. C. STEWART

CASHIER, H. L. STEWART

DIRECTORS:

H. L. STEWART, ROBERT S. BAKER, JOHN E. PLATER, JOHN A. PAXTON, R. M. WIDNEY, JOTHAM BIXBY.

CARRIES ON A GENERAL BANKING AND COLLECTING BUSINESS.

Unclassified.

W. R. BLACKMAN,

EXPERT ACCOUNTANT.

CAPITAL